THE HISTORIE O
Henry the fourth.

Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaſt
– of VVeſtmerland, with others.

King.

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with c
Find we a time for frighted peace t
And breath ſhort winded accēts of
To be commenc't in ſtronds a far r
No more the thirſty entrance of t
Shal dawbe her lips with her own
No more ſhall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruiſe her flourets with the armed hoofes
Of hoſtile paces: thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which like the meteors of a troubled heauen,
All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately meete in the inteſtine ſhocke
And furious cloſe of ciuill butcherie,
Shall now in mutuall welbeſeeming rancks,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Againſt acquaintance, kindred and allyes.
The edge of war, like an ill ſheathed knife,
No more ſhall cut his maſter: therefore friends,
As far as to the ſepulchre of Chriſt,
Whoſe ſouldiour now, vnder whoſe bleſſed croſſe
We are impreſſed and ingag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of Engliſh ſhall we leuy,
Whoſe armes were moulded in their mothers wombe
To chaſe theſe Pagans in thoſe holy fields,
Ouer whoſe acres walkt thoſe bleſſed feet,